

SEXAY!

SASS!

← like sassyfrass
circus, you DIG?

an impromptu mini-zine
constructed by Jenna L.
on the right of sept. 28th
instead of a paper, with a
crusted pen, a lot of
spiked coffee, and some
help from Tom Waits,
Edith Piaf, and Lucille
Bogan.

this zine is
so ugly.



This is my house.

HI!

I AM,
NOT A
BROTHEL!

7 people
live in it,
but it is
not a brothel
no matter
WHAT the
law says.



M

M

things
happen...

pt. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in which jenna b. ponders...



what would
have happened
if i had gone
to art school?

you
would
get good
at art
f. real

shut up
blobby
coffee

you
too,
poorly-drawn
croissant-on-
plate.

???

you'd die
of hip
ironicness,
etc.

you'd
be shunned.

pt. ~~1~~² → In which Jenna B. ponders...

BAR



← this arm is
really short, oops.

OHMIGAWD IS
THAT HOT DYKE
COMIN' OVER HUR
TA TALK TO ME!



Q: ~~Will~~ Will Jenna B.
finally get some
action for the first
time since that group
sex in Michigan in
February?!

A: No.



← lots of people under a sheet.

Pt. 3 → In which jenna b. ponders...

it mystery
like pyramid
in
egypt.

how do they
get their fist
all the way
up there?

that's
nasty.

i likes da crashpad
da best.



Pt. 4 → ECONOMIC CRISIS!

PANIC!



APOCALYPSE.

Pt. 5 → punchline.



SASS! rejects:



- plotlines
- artistic ability
- functioning drawing tools
- common sense... and more!

DA END

if you made it this far.

25¢ (if
you're
crazy)

